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f. GOG AND MAGOG AND THE END OF THE MESSIANIC AGE.

A last attack upon the dominion of the Messiah is that which is designated as Gog and Magog. This conflict occurs at the end of the Messianic period, fills up the iniquity of the heathen and leads up to the judgment and the end of the world. It represents the transition from time to eternity, to the *olâm habbâ* in the narrower sense of the word. The time of Gog and Magog comprises seven years. The meaning of the term is defined by the statement that "an evil spirit enters into the nations and they rebel against the king Messiah. He, however, slays them, smiting the land with the rod of his mouth and killing the wicked one by the breath of his lips, and he leaves only Israel remaining." (Cf. Gen. 10:2; Exod. 38:2; 39:1,6; Ezek. 38:5; 39:2; also, Rev. 20:8; 2 Thess. 2:8.)

Some representations place the days of Gog and Magog at the beginning of the Messianic age. Accordingly it is said that there are four great manifestations of God: in Egypt, at the giving of the law, in the days of Gog and Magog, and finally, in the days of the Messiah. The prevailing view, however, would reverse the order of the last two and make this catastrophe the final conflict against Messiah's reign, the signal for the judgment and destruction of the heathen, and the last act in the great drama of human history before time is merged into eternity.

THE STORY OF SAMSON.

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Character of Samson.—A singular character is Samson of Zorah. How perplexing its combination of Nazarite austerity and grotesque hilarity, divine inspiration and animal cunning, dauntless bravery and ignoble sensuality, bodily strength and moral weakness. Samson is the muscular, intrepid, religious, rollicking Hercules of sacred story. Witness his leonine exploit in the vineyards of Timnah; his playful riddle at the marriage feast; his boyish stratagem with the three hundred foxes; his grotesque slaughter of the thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass; his prankish striding away with the gates of Gaza; his frolicsome amours with Delilah; his grim humor in the very act of suicide. Yet this man, so jovial and mettlesome and wayward, is mentioned in the New Testament muster-roll of the Old Testament Sons of Faith, enshrined in the catalogue which contains such saintly names as Abel, Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David and the prophets. Whenever we are tempted to pronounce an altogether unfavorable judgment, it is well to remember that there is One who (1 Sam. 16: 7) sees not as man sees; for man looks on the outward appearance, while Jehovah looks on the heart. David was right (2 Sam. 24:14): It is better to fall into the hand of God than into the hand of man; for Jehovah's mercies are great.

Outline of Samson's period.—In studying the story of Samson, let us attempt a swift outline of his period.

Glance, first, at the moral aspect. It was a period of profound religious degeneracy. Although Joshua had nominally conquered the promised land, yet the conquest was far from being complete. The land was still infested with idol-

atrous aborigines; the Canaanite was still in the land. Living on terms of more or less familiarity with these idolaters, the Israelites could not fail to catch the infection of their pagan vicinage. Accordingly, soon after the death of Joshua, monotheism—the distinctive religion of the Abrahamic race—began to decline, and ere long Israel completely forsook Jehovah, and served the Baalim, the Ash-taroath, the gods of Syria, the gods of Zidon, the gods of Moab, the gods of Ammon, and the gods of the Philistines. So profound was the apostasy that even Jonathan, a grandson of Moses, not content with usurping the functions of a priest, added to those functions the worship of teraphim, graven idols and molten images.

A moral deterioration so wretched of course entailed a political deterioration as wretched. It was a period of national dissensions, tribe arraying itself against tribe; a period of national servitude, Israel tamely submitting to the yokes of Ammonite and Canaanite and Midianite and Philistine; a period of national abjectness, Israel timidly creeping along crooked by-paths because there were no open highways, ignobly content with a troglodyte existence in caves and mountain dens. In brief, it was a period of national anarchy, when, as we are repeatedly reminded (Jud. 17:6; 18:1; 19:1; 21:25), there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes. It was the triumph of the doctrine of individualism.

Nevertheless Jehovah did not utterly forsake his chosen people. Ever and anon, in times of special emergency, when the national distress was at its ebb, he raised up extraordinary deliverers, styled "judges." Although exercising unlimited military powers, these judges were not so much national dictators as they were guerilla chiefs, occasionally rising by force of personal prowess to the chieftaincy of one or more of the twelve tribes. Living in a debased and almost barbarous age, they shared in the deterioration of their times. Nevertheless, rude as these tools were, they were Jehovah's chosen instruments for delivering his people. The most conspicuous of these judges, excepting the great Samuel, was our hero Samson.

Outline of Samson's Career.—The story is graphically told in the Book of the Judges, chapters 13–16.

Forty years Israel had been writhing under the tyranny of the Philistines. Meantime Jehovah has been preparing a mighty deliverer. In the town of Zorah, on the confines of Judah and Dan, dwelt a Danite whose name was Manoah. His wife, cherishing that blessed promise of a Messianic motherhood which was the inspiration of every Hebrew bridal, was sad, because, like another Sarah and another Hannah and another Elizabeth, she was still motherless. Suddenly Jehovah's angel appears to her, and, as in the case of Elizabeth of Jerusalem and Mary of Nazareth many a century afterward, makes a glad announcement: "Thou shalt conceive, and bear a son; no razor shall ever come upon his head; neither wine nor strong drink nor unclean food shall ever touch his lips; for he shall be a Nazarite, separated unto God from the day of his birth to the day of his death; and he shall begin to save Israel out of the hand of the Philistines." Having made this annunciation, Jehovah's angel withdraws, ascending toward heaven in the flame of the sacrificial altar.

Months passed by, and the promised son was born. His delighted parents called his name Samson. We know nothing of his infancy or childhood or youth.

All we are told of these is this (Jud. 13:24): "The child grew, and Jehovah blessed him." Probably our imagination will not roam far astray if we picture him as growing up, like John the Baptist, in the seclusion of the Judean wilderness, true to the ascetic vow of the Nazarite, his locks unshorn,

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.—*Thomas Parnell.*

And now, his austere training ended, the spirit of Jehovah began to move him in Mahaneh-dan (that is, the camp of Dan), between Zorah and Eshtaol.

Yet, strange to say, the very first time this consecrated Nazarite appeared in society, he appeared in the guise of a reckless wooer. Going down one day to Timnah, a town in possession of the Philistines, he saw there a maiden who instantly captivated him. Hastening back to Zorah, he begged his parents that they would secure her for his bride. The old patriotism was not wholly dead; for the parents testily replied: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou must go down and choose thy wife from the daughters of those uncircumcised Philistines?" But the young man was desperately in love, and insisted: "Get her for me; for she pleases me well." And here the inspired biographer records another of those providential mysteries which so often perplex us: "His father and his mother knew not that it was of Jehovah; for he (Jehovah) sought an occasion against the Philistines." Why God should choose to deliver his people by moving Samson to marry a Philistine girl, and thereby embroil him in a difficulty with the Philistines, with the view of turning him into their enemy and conqueror, is so roundabout a method as to be indeed an enigma of providence.

But the young man continued steadfast. The country was, as we have seen, in the grasp of the Philistines, and the land was overrun by wild beasts. On the occasion of one of his visits, as he approached the vineyards of Timnah, a young lion suddenly roared against him. What though he was weaponless? The spirit of Jehovah descended mightily upon him, and he rent asunder the lion as easily as though it had been a kid. If one of us had achieved a like exploit, we would not have kept it secret. But our hero made no mention of it, not even to his parents. Perhaps he was so accustomed to feats of this kind that he did not think it worth while to speak of it. Having visited his betrothed and returned home, he went down to Timnah again. On his way thither he, with a curiosity so natural that we can quite understand it, turned aside to see what had become of the beast he had so easily slain. There was a swarm of bees in the carcass of the lion, and honey. Being by no means a fastidious person, Samson gathered the honey, and having refreshed himself by eating some of it, he carried the rest to his parents, still omitting, however, to make any mention of his leonine exploit, or where he had obtained the honey.

And now the wedding day has at last come. Our hero goes down once more to Timnah, and according to the custom of the land and times, which demanded that the bridegroom's family rather than the bride's should spread the banquet, Samson made a great feast, which was to last seven days. The Philistines were not disposed to be less open-hearted than the foreigner, and so they brought to Samson thirty companions to be his groomsmen. But a feast of seven days, however epicurean the banqueters, cannot be wholly devoted to the dainties of the table. As now, so then, the festivities were varied with pastimes and charades and rid-

dles. The quick-witted Samson, we can easily believe, was more than a match for the notoriously stolid Philistines in mental games of this sort. Accordingly, early in the feast he said to his thirty paronyms: "I will now give you a riddle; if any of you can find it out within the seven days of the feast I will give each of you a tunic and a mantle (it was before the days of banks and vaults, and personal property largely consisted in costly apparel);—but if you cannot find out my riddle within the seven days, then each of you must give me a tunic and a mantle." A proposition so liberal met, of course, with a liberal response. "Put forth thy riddle," they exclaim, "that we may hear it." We can imagine the grotesque demureness with which Samson propounded his riddle:

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The Philistines grappled with the problem three days, but unsuccessfully. Meantime the young bride herself feels deeply annoyed. What though she has just been led to the altar? She is a Philistine and her husband is an Israelite; and her national pride is stung on seeing her countrymen baffled by a foreigner, and that foreigner a Hebrew and a subject. But she dissembles her pique. Resorting to one of those pathetic artifices characteristic of her sex, she weeps in the presence of her liege lord and murmurs: "Thou dost but hate me and lovest me not; thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me." Samson, with the honest bluntness so characteristic of him, replies: "Behold, I have not told it my father nor my mother, and shall I tell it thee?" But the artful woman understands the power of tears, and so she continues her weeping through the rest of the feast. Meantime the thirty groomsmen, despairing of their ability to solve the riddle, bethink themselves on the seventh day of the young bride herself, and coming to her, exclaim: "Persuade thy husband to tell thee the riddle;" and then with a savageness which allows a glimpse into the awful lawlessness of the times, they add: "lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire; have ye called us to impoverish us?" The bride, feeling her own personal pique uncomfortably reinforced by this dire threat of her neighbors, hastens again into the presence of her new husband, and coaxes and weeps more dexterously than ever. The good-natured, impetuous Samson can no longer resist such persistent feminine importunity, and in a moment of weakness tells her the secret. No sooner does she hear it than she hastens out and reports it to the sons of her people. And now, just as the sun is setting at the close of the seventh day, the thirty groomsmen triumphantly shout to the burly bridegroom:

"What is sweeter than honey?
And what is stronger than a lion?"

The nimble-minded, facetious Samson, still indulging in the grim humor which never deserted him, sententiously retorts:

"If ye had not plowed with my heifer,
Ye had not found out my riddle;"

in other words, "If this young bride of mine had not turned up the sod where I had hid my treasure, ye never would have discovered it." But although our hero has lost his wager, he keeps true to his promise. Again the spirit of Jehovah comes down mightily upon him. He is too observant of the rites of hospitality, however, to avenge himself on his Philistine guests. And so he rushes down to

Ashkelon, another city of the Philistines, and having slain thirty of its heroes and seized their attire, he comes back to Timnah and gives the promised thirty tunics and thirty mantles to his thirty groomsmen. But, although he has chivalrously paid his forfeit, the memory of his wife's ignoble treachery angers him and he immediately returns to his father's house. Meanwhile (and it is another glimpse into the awful coarseness of the times), Samson's perfidious bride has been given to the chief groomsmen.

Time passes on, and the season of the wheat harvest is come. Samson, who is too thoroughly good-natured to nurse his anger long, again goes down to Timnah to visit his wife, bringing with him a kid in token of reconciliation. But her father, it may be fearing that his formidable son-in-law might inflict some personal injury on his daughter, does not allow him to enter her chamber. Yet he presumes to offer that son-in-law a strange proposal: "Is not her younger sister fairer than she? take her, I pray thee, instead of her." Samson is exasperated and exclaims: "This time shall I be quits with the Philistines, when I do them a mischief." Stealthily catching three hundred foxes, or rather jackals, he turns them tail against tail, ties a firebrand in the midst between every two tails, sets the brands on fire, and lets the jackals loose everywhere into the standing corn of the Philistines. The manœuvre proves as effective as it is ludicrous. The poor jackals, maddened with fright and pain, and unable to escape, succeed in thoroughly igniting not only the standing corn, but also the shocks, and even the oliveyards themselves. The sight of their ruined fields exasperates the Philistines, and they angrily demand: "Who has done this?" And the stern answer comes back: "Samson, the son-in-law of the Timnite, because his wife has been taken away from him and turned over to his companion." The stolid Philistines, regarding her and her father as the occasion of their disaster, rush to Timnah and brutally burn father and daughter alive. Samson, more furious than ever, shouts back to them: "If this is to be your line of action, I will take such vengeance on you as shall make me perfectly satisfied." Accordingly, he smites them hip and thigh with a tremendous slaughter. Nevertheless, he is prudent and secures for himself a secluded lair in the territory of Judah, known as the Cave of the Rock of Etam.

Time passes on. The Philistines, still smarting under the disaster so ridiculously inflicted by Samson's 300 jackals, again invade the territory of Judah and encamp in Lehi, a place not far from Etam. The men of Judah are terror-stricken, and cravenly expostulate, "Why are ye come up against us?" The Philistines answer, "To bind Samson are we come up, to do to him as he has done to us." Three thousand men of the tribe of Judah rush down to the Cave of Etam's Rock, and demand of the hiding Samson, "Hast thou forgotten that the Philistines are our masters? what then is this that thou hast done unto us?" And the stalwart champion athletically answers, "As they did unto me, so have I done unto them." Nothing more clearly or sadly indicates the profound degradation into which the Lion-tribe has fallen than their craven proposition to their famous countryman, "We are come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee into the hand of the Philistines." Samson, grimly keeping his temper, extorts from them an oath: "Swear unto me, that ye will not fall upon me yourselves." They swear the oath: "We will bind thee fast, and surrender thee into their hand; but surely we will not kill thee." And now our mighty and jovial hero allows his cowardly countrymen to bind him with two new stout ropes and carry

him up out of his hiding place. The moment the Philistines catch a glimpse of their doughty foe, at last a prisoner, they rend the air with a mighty shout. Again the spirit of Jehovah comes down mightily upon Samson, and the ropes become as flax that is burnt with fire, and the cords drop off him as though they were melted. Disdaining the use of sword or spear, he finds a fresh jawbone of an ass just dead, and brandishing it as though it were a gleaming scimitar or ponderous battle-ax, he slays therewith a thousand Philistines. Our hero then vents his triumph in a punning couplet which it is impossible to reproduce in English, but which may be rendered thus :

"With the jawbone of an ass, a (m)ass two (m)asses,
With the jawbone of an ass have I smitten an ox-load of men."

Having indulged himself in this droll massacre and still droller pun, he flings away his fantastic weapon and calls the scene of his triumph Ramath-lehi, that is, The Hill of the Jawbone. No wonder that after his sportive slaughter of the chiliad our hero feels sore athirst. With the abrupt revulsion so characteristic of impetuous natures, Samson suddenly swings from pun into prayer : "O Jehovah, thou hast given this great deliverance by the hand of thy servant ; and now shall I die of thirst and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised ?" God graciously hears the prayer of his servant and miraculously opens a fountain in Lehi. Our hero slakes his thirst, and feeling refreshed, gratefully calls the spot Enhakkor, that is, The Spring of the Suppliant.

And now we enter on darker scenes. What though our hero is a Nazarite, consecrated to Jehovah from his birth to his death ? He is a voluptuous man, an easy prey to his animal passions. Accordingly, he goes down to the Philistine city of Gaza and enters into criminal relations with a courtesan. The arrival of a warrior so redoubtable cannot be kept secret, and the news flies from mouth to mouth : "Samson is in town !" The Gazaites surround his lodging and lie in wait quietly all night, saying, "When morning dawns and he comes out, we will kill him." But our hero is too sharp for them. Rising at midnight, and either stealthily gliding by his liers-in-wait or else slaying them, he comes to the chief entrance of the city. Grasping the massive doors of the gateway, and the two side-posts, he tears them up, with the crossbar on them, places them on his brawny shoulders, and hilariously carries them up to the top of the mountain that is before Hebron.

Time passes on, and Samson has made the friendship of a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name is Delilah. The five lords of the Philistines, hearing of this fresh infatuation, determine to turn it to their own advantage. Obtaining an interview with Delilah, they propose to her that she should worm out of him the secret of his enormous strength, and also of the way to capture him, each of the Philistine lords promising her the very handsome reward of 1100 pieces of silver. The wily courtesan is not slow to fall in with a bargain so tempting. "Tell me, I pray thee," she exclaims, "wherein thy strength is so great and how thou canst be bound." Samson replies : "If they should bind me with seven green withes that have never been used, my strength will leave me and I shall be like an ordinary man." The treacherous mistress finds some way to communicate Samson's answer to the Philistine lords, who immediately supply her with the green withes, and then lie in wait in an adjoining chamber. Taking the withes, she binds her lover therewith, and banteringly shouts, "The Philistines be upon

thee, O Samson!" And the strong man snaps the withes as a string of tow is broken when it touches the fire. So his strength is still a secret. But Delilah is not disheartened, and again tries to worm out the secret. Again he suggests: "Let them bind me fast with stout ropes which have never been used, and my strength will be gone." Obtaining the ropes, he demurely allows her to bind him, and then she banteringly shouts: "The Philistines be upon thee, O Samson!" And the strong man breaks the ropes from off his arms like a thread. But Delilah is persistent, and again begs for the secret. He now makes a suggestion which recklessly borders on the very verge of the secret: "Weave the seven locks of my head with the web in thy loom." Delilah weaves the seven long tresses of the Nazarite's hair as a woof into the warp of the loom standing in the chamber, fastens the loom with a peg, and banteringly shouts: "The Philistines be upon thee, O Samson!" The strong man, startled out of his nap, easily plucks up the peg fastening the loom, and disengages his tresses from the web. The piqued Delilah now murmurs: "How canst thou say, I love thee, when thy heart is not with me? thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth." The persistent Delilah keeps pressing him day after day to disclose to her his secret, till at last his soul is vexed unto death. In a moment of incredible weakness and folly, he tells her the whole secret: "No razor hath ever come upon my head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb: if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man." Delilah, with a woman's intuition, perceives that Samson has at last told the truth, and instantly sends for the Philistine lords, saying: "Come up this once, for he hath told me all his heart." The Philistine lords promptly arrive, bringing the promised reward in their hands. And now the treacherous harlot, apparently administering some drowsy potion, soothes the lusty hero to sleep upon her knees, shaves off the seven sacred tresses of his head, and once more, and this time triumphantly, shouts: "The Philistines be upon thee, O Samson!" Startled out of his sleep, the strong man exclaims: "I will go out as at other times, and shake myself." But he wist not that Jehovah had departed from him.

We come to the tragic close. The Philistines seize the nerveless Israelite, brutally bore out his eyes, convey him to their own Gaza, bind him with fetters of brass, and doom him to the bitter degradation of grinding, like a woman at the mill, in their Philistine prison-house. Meanwhile, however, the hair of our Nazarite begins to grow again, and with this growth his strength begins to return. And now the lords of the Philistines, overjoyed by the capture of their puissant foe, propose to offer on a vast scale a grateful oblation to their national deity, Dagon. Accordingly, they assemble in vast numbers in their temple, and praise their Dagon, exultantly shouting: "Our god hath delivered into our hand Samson our enemy, the destroyer of our country, even him who hath slain multitudes of Philistines." As their hearts grow merry, it may be with banqueting-wine, they brutally shout: "Call for Samson, that he may make us sport!" The blind captive is led forth from the prison-house into the temple, and convulses his insolent captors with his grotesque antics and droll jests. But there is a tragic irony in his grim humor. Wearied by his awkward gropings on a stage which to him is black as night, and stung to the quick by the coarse insults and ribald laughter of his heathen conquerors, the wretched prisoner says to the lad appointed to lead him by the hand: "Suffer me that I may feel the two pillars whereupon the

temple resteth, that I may lean upon them." The mighty throng of spectators renew their jeers as he is led to the center of the building. The despairing but resolute soul pours itself out in the tragical prayer: "O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes." Grasping the two middle columns upon which the temple rests, the one with his right hand and the other with his left, our blind and weary yet still mighty hero leans upon them. One more despairing but still resolute prayer goes up: "Let me die with the Philistines!" And the grim hero bows himself with all his might, and the two pillars sway, and the temple, filled with the lords of the Philistines and their friends, and bearing 3,000 men and women on its roof, topples with a crash; and the dead which Samson slays at his death are more than the dead which Samson has slain in his life. And now all his kindred come down to Gaza, and rescue his corpse from the ruins, and reverently bury him in the ancestral burying place between Zorah and Eshtaol.

Such is the comic yet tragic story of Samson, who judged Israel twenty years. The story, as every one knows, had a peculiar fascination for John Milton; why, one can hardly tell, unless it was because Milton shared somewhat in Samson's uxorious disposition, and was also himself blind. How powerfully he allegorizes the tragedy of Samson in his work entitled, "The Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelatry:"

"I cannot better liken the state and person of a king than to that mighty Nazarite Samson; who, being disciplined from his birth in the precepts and the practice of temperance and sobriety, without the strong drink of injurious and excessive desires, grows up to a noble strength and perfection, with those his sunny and illustrious locks, the laws, waving and curling about his godlike shoulders. And, while he keeps them about him undiminished and unshorn, he may with the jawbone of an ass, that is, with the word of his meanest officer, suppress and put to confusion thousands of those that rise against his just power. But laying down his head among the strumpet flatteries of prelates, while he sleeps and thinks no harm, they wickedly shaving off all those bright and weighty tresses of his laws and just prerogatives, which were his ornament and strength, deliver him over to indirect and violent councils, which, as those Philistines, put out the fair and far-sighted eyes of his natural discerning, and make him grind in the prison-house of their sinister ends, and practice upon him; till he, knowing this prelatical razor to have bereft him of his wonted might, nourishes again his puissant hair, the golden beams of law and right; and they sternly shook thunder with ruin upon the heads of those his evil counsellors, but not without great affliction to himself."

But Milton's admiration for the character of Samson finds its chief expression in his "Samson Agonistes." The blind bard of the commonwealth has infused into this classic tragedy so much of his own grand personality as to transfigure the rough and sensuous Hebrew judge into quite a moral hero, who ends his life even sublimely:

"Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic."

Nevertheless, when we read the story of Samson, not as it is transfigured in the drama of an English poet, but as it is enshrined in the prose of the original chronicler, we cannot help feeling that the character of the Danite champion was on the whole gross and ignoble. True, the spirit of Jehovah was wont to come down mightily upon him; but this spirit-might was the lowest kind of force,—the

force of mere bodily strength. Milton finely expresses the idea when he makes his hero say :

God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.—*Samson Agonistes*.

The very austerity of his Nazarite vow in the matter of food and drink makes his sensuousness in the matter of lubricity all the more repugnant. He could rend a lion as easily as though it were a kid, and even in his weakness could topple down Dagon's temple. But he could not rule himself. His tragic suicide was the dread and punitive entail of his own fatuous sensuality. Here, in fact, is the grand meaning of this grotesque yet sombre story. The tragedy of Samson is a tragedy of Nemesis. Thus Samson himself is both his own riddle and his own solution :

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."

THE ASSYRIAN KING, AŠURBANIPAL.

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II.

Of this period, from the close of the Elamitic war till the king's death, we have very little knowledge. The king's own records of his campaigns close with the defeat of the Arabs at Damascus and the reduction of Elam to the rank of a province, about 648 or 647 B. C., and it was till lately supposed that he died about that time. This supposition was based on a statement in the Canon of Ptolemy that a certain Cinneladanus, a name quite unlike Ašurbanipal, reigned in Babylon from 647 to 626 B. C. But in his own annals, Ašurbanipal stated that after putting his brother Sa'ul-mughina to death, he himself reigned at Babylon; and Polyhistor affirms that Sa'ul-mughina was succeeded by his brother, who reigned in Babylon twenty-one years. No records of his successor are found to establish either conclusion, but it seems certain that Cinneladanus was one of several names by which he was known, either in Assyria or in Babylonia alone, and that a long period of peace followed the activities of the earlier part of his reign, in which little occurred that seemed to him worthy of record.

Such an hypothesis accords best with the wonderful advance made during this reign in the arts of peace, the evidence of which is not to be sought only in the chronicles of the time, but may be actually seen in the wonderful products remaining to us from this reign. He now had leisure for those great works for which the wars of his earlier years had furnished abundant means. This period was to Assyria what the age of Pericles was to Greece and the age of Solomon was to the Jews, and presents a much more pleasing aspect of the monarch's character. We now see him, not as a powerful and boastful warrior overrunning the territories of his weaker neighbors and glorying in the complete destruction he accomplishes, but as a patron of art and literature and a builder of magnificent edifices.